



TITUS OATES,



WILLIAM BEDLOE.



Stephen Dugdale.



Miles Prance.



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THE  
MEMOIRES  
OF  
Titus Oates.

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Written for Publick Satisfaction.

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Oates, Bedlow, Dugdale, Prance; whose Breath alone,  
Cou'd almost States subvert, and Kings dethrone!  
To sculp their Shadow's in the Pow'r of Art:  
Ink may be black enough to act that Part.  
Drawn to the Life would you their Souls behold,  
That Work requires a more Infernal Mould.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for Thomas Graves, 1685.

THE  
MEMMOIRES

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Titus Oates.

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That Work requires a more lasting Memory,  
Drawn to the Life would you their Souls behold,  
It may be black enough to act that Part.  
To sculp their Shadow's in the Port of Art:  
Could almost States subvert, and Kings deprave;  
Oates Bedlow, Dugdale, Frances; whose Breasts alone,

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for Thomas Curtes, 1687.



# THE PREFACE.

**T**HE great and wonderful Exploits of our Hero Trua, have so far out-done the Feats of Sancho Pancha himself; that the very Atchievements even of a Garantua, will bear a fairer Appearance of History and Truth, than the more Romantick Narratives of our Great and Formidable Salamanca Discoverer. For, truly to consider how strangely powerful, the Insatinations even of almost three whole Kingdoms have been, in repasing such implicit Faith in a Discovery made up of so many Incongruities, Inconsistencies and palpable Contradictions, as are all along through the Depositions of the pretended Popish-Poor, is enough to make the English Credulity so universally ridiculous, that all Christendom shall blush at us; and our very Posterity shall be so much ashamed of their Forefathers Follies, and stupidity; till future Generations, even for their own Reputation, shall as zealously endeavour to cover and conceal this most Egregious Blindside of their besotted Progenitors, as ever Shem and Japhet did the Nakedness of their Father.

But because Justice has at last in some part overtaken him, and Frydays and Saturdays Inquisition into the Inno-  
cent Blood, that that Barbarous Wretch has so solemnly murde-

## The Preface.

murdered, has set forth the Perjured Murtherer in some of his true infernal Colours; I have thought fit to Publish these farther Memoires of that ever execrable Fardle of Imposture and Perjury, his pretended Discovery of the Popish Plot. And the reason of this undertaking is, that notwithstanding the two last Tryals have made his Shams and Lies so notoriously apparent, as to make him truly deserve the Lord Chief Justices proper character of him of being certainly the Blackest of Villains that ever lived upon the face of the Earth, and those two Limbs of his Plot, his Consult, on the 24th of April, and the August following, have sufficiently assured us that all the rest of his Discoveryes are but Branches of the same damnable Stock: whilst the same vein of perjury runs thro' the whole Mass of his Hellish Lies and Narratives; yet because the Universall spirit of Delusion is such, that too many of our English Fools are as fond of their own senseless Dreams as of their very Bibles themselves; and no doubt there are yet thousands of those unthinking, unconverted Animals, that have that veneration still for their Darling Titus, that they pay him even a wild Indian Adoration, and make a God of the Devil himself, it will not be amiss to examine a few more particulars, by way of enquiry into the most important Foundation of his whole Plot, and shew what Nonsense and Chymeras have been imposed upon the World,

# Titus Dates

## HIS

# MEMOIRES.

**T**He Popish Plot, as delivered by *Titus Dates*, and the rest of his *Zanies*, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*, &c. is wholly founded on these two Bases:

*First*, That the Papists had a Designe to Murder the late King;

And next, to Massacre Us; Popery being only to be introduced by these two Desperate and bloody undertakings.

The several Attempts and Designs of Murdering the King are as follows.

The First Bloody Resolve of the Papists for that purpose, was on the 24th. of *April* in the Year 78, whilst *Dates* upon the Holy *Evangelists*, assures us, that the Principal of the *Jesuites*, and other great Popish Agents, to the number of above fifty, from several parts of the World met together on that day, and came to this Resolve; That *Pickering* and *Groves* should go on with their Attempt of Murdering the King, for which the one should have 1500*l*. and the other 3000*0* Masses: to which Resolve and



promise, they all at several places subscribed their several hands.

Now we are to know likewise who those two Persons were, that were thus set at work, *viz.* Two poor Servants & Retainers to the *Romish* Priests, & two Persons, who had been before engaged in the same Design, & had dogg'd the King (by *Dates* his own Oath) from the year Seventy to that very day, with screwed Guns and Silver Bullets to do the same Execution; and were two such Wretched Fools at so desperate a piece of Service, that one time their Flint was loose; another time, their Gun was charged with all Bullets and no Powder; another, with no Powder in the Pan; and another, with all Powder and no Bullets. Yet nevertheless, after they had alwayes miscarried at this egregious senseless Rate, and had been disciplined severely for it. Here meets a consult of *Jesuits* from all Quarters of *Europe*, and after a full Debate upon so important a point to their Grand Designe, as the immediate Murder of the King: they come to no other Result than that these two poor Cuddens, after above seven Years fumbling before, should go on with the Attempt, without so much as engaging one hand beside in the Conspiracy (for all the other Assassinationates were not Embarked in the Design, till *August* following) so that, had *Dates* been able to have proved himself here in Town at the *April*-Consult, nevertheless, his Great *April*-Plot must still have fallen to the ground, and consequently, all the Blood of the Executed Papists have cryed for Vengeance from so Perjured a Murderer; unless we can imagine, that so many Popish Emissaries, the greatest of all the *Romish* Politicians, could be guilty of so ridiculous a Management.

Besides, as the sequel of this King-killing-Blow, *Dates* particularly swears, That no sooner was the King to have fallen,



fallen, but both the *Spanish* Pilgrims, thirty thousand strong, and a *French* Army besides were prepared to Land, and follow the Blow by Joyning with the *English* Papists already listed for that purpose, and cutting the Protestants Throats; so that upon the upshot of the whole matter, unless we can suppose, that the *French* and *Spanish* Kings had their Pilgrims and Armies, and a Fleet ready to land 'em all prepared for seven whole Years together Winter or Summer, to step over the Water, to nick the Business, and prosecute the Massacre upon the crisis of the Kings Murder, the whole Conspiracy comes to nothing.

Besides, we must pardon Mr. Dates his forgetfulness in several main passages of *Pickering's* Achievement; First, That in his Narrative he expressly upon Oath, Assigns the time of *Pickering's* flight being loose, and his being last for it, to be in *January*, 77. but at his Tryal he positively swears it was done in *April* 78. Secondly, We must not be staggered to imagine how a Fellow in so open a place as *St. James's-Park* could present a Gun against the King, and flash in the very Pan (as another time he swears for *Pickering*) and yet neither the King nor one of his Attendants discover him: Neither are we to reflect, how 'tis utterly impossible to shoot a Silver Bullet out of a serewed Gun, Silver being too hard a mettall ever to be discharged without tearing the Gun all to Peices.

For the History of his other Popish Ruffins, his Conyers with his Dagger, his four *Triffling* Ruffins, (by the by, all Gentlemen of Quality and Fortunes, and yet all hired for so bold an attempt, as shooting the King, for but poor fourscore pounds between them, when the little inconsiderable Wretch *Grover*, was to be rewarded with no less than 1500*l*.) For the History I say of these Assassimates, and Sir *George Wakemans* Affair, they were altogether a Mass

of

of nonsense so nauseously fulsome, that even the all-believing *whiggs* themselves, in the very hottest Dog-dayes of true Protestant Zeal and Euthusiasm turn'd stomach at; in-somuch, that the terrible Poysoner Sir *George* himself was acquitted even by a *whigg* Jury: In Defiance of all the Popish Fears and Jealousies, which in that time of the World were no less than Mountain High.

But to muster the strength of all these last undertakers, and indeed, the whole force of his whole Plot it self. In his Preface to his Narrative, he tells the World, that he discovered his Plot first to His Majesty, by the introduction of Mr. *Christopher Kirby* on the 13th. of *August* 78. At which time you must note, he brought no other credentials to support his Plot, but Words and Forehead, Oath and Impudence, being utterly unable to produce the least scrap of one of all his numberless pretended Treasonable Papers, Letters, or Commissions, to Corroborate his Evidence; notwithstanding his Narrative assures us, that the *Jesuits* had long before wrought the King almost to an utter Deafness and Infidelity, against all Informations whatever against them, and consequently, his preserving of some of those undeniable Records against them, all intrusted in his Hands, was the only necessary Introduction to the Credit and support of his whole Discovery.

But however, tho' not one syllable of any thing of that Kind, was ever seen or brought forth from that day to this, and the only lame Excuse that can help him, is, to say, Truly whilst he plotted with them he was one of them, & therefore did not seek to preserve any such Convincing Papers or Commission: Tho' by the by, it looks a little odd in one of his Trials, where he downright swears, he was a Protestant all along, and disguis'd himself a Papist only to herd with them to betray them. But let that pass.

The

The Prodigious oversight and negligence of our Discoverer in this Point, being forgiven him for once: How comes it to pass, nevertheless that after that very 13<sup>th</sup>. Day of *August*, when he return'd again to the *Jesuits*, and plotted with them once more, only as a Spy and a Trapan, to take an opportunity of betraying them; when after that very day, he delivered out several new Commissions, met also at a consult of the *Benedictines*, and carryed their Subscribed Resolve of Murdering the King, to a second consult of the *Carmelites* for to sign it; met likewise another time *Conyers* with his Broad Dagger in *Greys-Inn-Walks*, and *Pickering* with his Basket of Fire-Balls at noon day in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, when he saw *Coleman* dispatch the Messenger to the four *Irish* Ruffins: Nay and all the whole business of *Sir George Wake-man* was all acted after that Day; when in fine not less then thirty Paragraphs in his Narrative containing the very hottest part of his whole Plot, were all Transactions after this first Discovery to the King: How comes it to pass, I say, after his cold Reception at Court, and the Kings so obdurate Incredulity, that our Adventurer should let out a Treason hunting once more, for no other design but for proof and Demonstrations, and *Ocular Testimonials*; and yet after all these offerd advantages of both Conspirators and Conspiracies, Traitors and Treasonable Records in his Power, he should still come to *Sir Edmund Bury-Godfrey*, the *September* following, with his full and compleat Popish Manifesto, and yet without one scrap of Commissions, Papers, Resolves, &c. and with only his Old *Fargon*, Breath and words, noyse and Oaths for the support of his pretended Oraculous Discovery. Good Heaven! How wide was the *English* swallow?

low? When such idle ridiculous stuff could go down.

But to leave the Kingkilling part of his Plot, and take a little view of his Protestant Throat Cutting, viz. The second Act of his Popish Tragedy.

Here we must returne to his *Spanish* Pilgrims, his *Black Bills*, and his *French Armies* before mentioned together with the Armies of *English* Papists design'd to be rais'd, to joyn with them. And to begin at home, here was the Lord *Bellasis*, and the Lord *Petre*, and a great many other of the greatest *Roman Catholick's* had Commissions deliver'd them to be Generals, Livetenant Generals, and so downwards to Collonels and Captains, &c. Over severals Popish Armies intended to be rais'd to subdue *England* to the *Romish* Yoke.

Now here are a great many very odd things in this projection. *First*, 'Tis wondrous, that the *Jesuites* and the Head Plotters of the *Papists* were so Cocksure of the Fidelity of their whole Party; that they durst hope to lift so many Thousands of *Roman Catholicks*, (nay had list'd them, if *Bedloe* may be believed, being all ready to rise at four and twenty hours warning) and not have one false Brother amongst them all, to betray so barbarous, and so Rebellious an Undertaking. There was a time when Thousands of that Religion ventured both Lives and Fortunes to recover the Kings Right against usurping Traytors; with scarce one Dissenter amongst the whole Party, against so Loyal a Cause; and 'tis a very strange change, that in a matter of thirty odd Years, they should all be so Universally perverted to the Deposing and Murdering him, as not to meet so much as one *Pendrell* or one *Huddleston* amongst so many thousand, (as this Army was to consist of) that might pro-

probably have told tales beforehand, and, betray'd so Wicked, and so Hellish a purpose, and thereby not only have ruin'd the whole Plot, but the whole Party besides.

*Secondly*, We are to take notice, 'twas in *May, June, July, and August 78*. That *Dates* attests his delivery of Commissions for the pretended Popish Armies. And on the success of these Armies assisted by the Forreighn Popish Auxiliaries before mentioned depended the whole fortune of the *Romish* Cause, Popery being wholly to be Establish'd by Military Execution. And yet as the Devil and the Doctor would have it, *Pickering and Graves*, as you have been told before had been seven years together at the Kings very Throat, nay and the Great rewards of 1500*ll.* and 30000 Masses, together with *Pickering's* severe Backside Castigation, were Motives and Spurs to hasten and expedite the future performance of these two terrible screwed Gunners. And yet here was the King to have been shot the very next moment (if possible) and all the while the very Commissions were not given out, till for some months after, for the raising the Army so immediately necessary to prosecute the Blow after the Kings dispatch. Now in the name of dulness where were Our Witts when all this Hideous piece of *Apocrypha* was currant Gospel amongst us.

And *Lastly*, To bring the Forreign Heroes into Play too, *Dates* swears that upon subduing of *England* in manner aforesaid, the *French* were to be Lord of be Ascendant, the Government of *England* being designed to have devolved into their hands. And pray mark the Riddle of the Business. Here was the *Spanish* King in the Year 78. lending no less a Body of Men then thirty

thousand Fighting Pilgrims to help establish the *French* King in the Monarchy of *England* at the very same time, that he was in actual Wars against him, and an utter Enemy to *France*, and so harraßt by the *French*, that he was courting almost all *Christendom* against him, and imploring all Foreign Aides and Alliances to oppose him, yes, tho' he had already lost so large, and so important a part of his own Country to him, and was not over able with his best strength to defend the rest from him, yet is this *Spanish* King forsooth (if Dates his Evidence will hold Water) ayding and assisting the *French* King, with so vast a Succour, for the enlarging the very Victories of his most hated Enemy by so prodigious an Acquisition as the Imperial Diadem of *England*. Oh! The Miracles of a *Romish*-Plot, and the more Miraculous *English* stomach to digest it.

This, Reader, is the great and dreadful *Papish* Bugbear, that once had Power to Fright three Kingdoms out of their Senses, and this the Saviour of the Nation, that so many almost prostrate Knees, and up-lifted Hands, entertained and saluted with no less than *Palm-Branches* and *Hosannahs*. The particularizing of all the nonsensical Incongruities, and Contradictions thro' the whole Legend of his Discovery, such as his Swearing at one Tryal he was perverted to the *Romish* Religion; and at another, that he was still a *Protestant*, and only play'd the Hypocrite amongst the *Papists* to learn their Secrets, and to detect their Plots: And then his Swearing before the Council, that he knew not *Coleman*, when brought Face to Face before him; and yet at his Tryal, to Swear he was his most intimate Acquaintance, and Co-Plotter in the whole Business of the Four *Irish* Ruffins; and consequently



sequently was the main Evidence that Hanged him. But most of all, this his most egregious Perjury, in Swearing before the *House of Lords*, that he had Discov-ered his whole Plot, and had not one Person more to Ac-cuse, than what he had named and impeach'd before; and yet after all this, to bring the very Queen into the Conspiracy to Poyson the King; a Princess of that im-maculate Virtue, and unexampled Piety into so damna-ble and hellish a Design; that most Arrogant of Impo-stures and Villanies, as far from the very shadow of Truth, as the *Monster*, that uttered it, is from Heaven. The particularizing I say of all the egregious and impu-dent Falsities, thro' his whole Fardle of Narratives is a Work too long and tedious. Besides the Mystery of Iniquity (thanks be to Heaven) is already made so transparent almost to all Eyes and Understandings: that 'tis almost impossible that any thing but wilfull and hardned Blindness it self, cannot plainly see through.

The only and last, tho feeble, Argument that his De-fenders (if 'tis possible he can have any left) can make for him, is to say. How is it possible that all his Discovery should be such errant Forgery and Impo-sure, and yet be so universally believed, even by the most unanimous, and so long Assent of the greatest and most sensible Men of the whole Kingdom? Why truly, were not an *English* Mans Belief one of the greatest Pro-digies since the Flood, this might be much wondred at. And truly it would appear almost stupendious, how al-most a whole Nation should be so befotted, had not wo-ful experience convinced, that truly this is but the second Notorious Blot in our *English* Scutcheon. For let us but look back into the dismal Fears and Jealoasies in the first  
King



King *CHARLES* his Raigh, and we shall find the self same Phantom govern'd then too. And juſt ſuch another as ſenſeleſs and as ridiculous imaginary Plot of ſetting up Popery, and Arbitrary Power, *Q Monſtrum Porenium!* Blew Three Kingdoms into a Flame: and from the diſmal Effects of that Epidemical Lunacy, has left that ſtain upon the *Engliſh* Name and Reputation abroad in the World; that not whole Ages will waſh off. And truly we have no Excuse left, why we ſhould be ſo groſſly impoſed upon again, and run into a ſecond as damnable an Errour as the firſt, but frankly confeſſing, that the Frenzy of our Fathers is *Hereditary*, and nothing but their Madneſs running in our Bloods has been the cauſe of ſo enormous a Folly, the extravagant Apprehenſions of the Danger of Popery being that natural impefection that the generallity of *Engliſh* Men are as much born to, as men are to a Club-Foot, or a Hunch-Back, or any other Deformity; and really, which they are almoſt as hardly to be cured of.

And therefore to draw to an End with our Swearing Maſter *Citus*, that Hellish Incendiary, and chief *Viſible* Original of our ſo many Years Diſtractions: His Sentence, though it ſeem Severe, is much leſs than he deſerves; our *Engliſh* Law-makers, as never imagining the poſſibility of ſo unexampled an *Offender*, having provided no Punishment equal to the Demerits of ſuch unprecedented Villany.

*F I N I S.*

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Entred according to Order.